

MRS. OLIPHANT'S LAST VERSES.
[Dictated on June 21, 1897.]
On the edge of the world I lie, I lie,
Happy and dying, and dead and poor,
Looking up from the vast great floor
Of the infinite world that rises above
To God and to faith and to love, low, low!
What words have I to that world to speak,
Old and weary and dead and weak,
From the very low to the very high?
Only this, and this is all:
From the flesh, green soil to the wide blue sky,
From greatness to weakness, life to death,
One God have we on whom to call,
One great bond from which none can fall:
Love below, which is life and breath,
And love above, which sustains all.

QUEER WEDDING PRESENTS.
Gifts That Were Not Appreciated by Those Who Received Them.

Even at a marriage feast, as it seems, there will sometimes be the envious or the jealous or the malicious. A well known author received from a rival man of letters a scrapbook containing a collection of all the adverse criticisms his works had ever received, while a popular artist was presented with a set of elementary works upon self instruction in drawing and painting.

Not long since a gentleman who is a passionate devotee of hunting received as a bridal gift from an anonymous donor a complete set of false limbs, a set of artificial teeth and a couple of glass eyes—the whole of which must have cost a considerable sum—accompanied by a note, the writer of which trusted that, by reason of the recipient's many falls while following the hounds, some or all of these substitutes would ultimately prove of use.

An elderly, crusty tradesman, on expressing a suspicion of nature and was presented by a London undertaker with two coffins for himself and wife, which, unlike most of the other offerings you will receive, are sure to be of service. The bridegroom presented this singular gift, and it took all the efforts of mutual friends to prevent a breach of the peace.

Typical vengence was the gift received from his neighbors by an infirm octogenarian who wedded a pleasure loving woman more than 50 years his junior. It was a large brass cage, "intended," so ran the subscribers' note, "to restrain the wayward flights of a giddy young wife who has married a decrepit old fool for his money." The husband of a lady whose great beauty hardly atoned for her sharp tongue found among his wedding presents a scold's bridle or branks, a gift from his wife's sisters, with the hope that, "if Kate makes your life as unbearable as she has made ours, you will not hesitate to put the accompanying offering to its original use."—London Answers.

Living Without Nourishment.
There seems to be no philosophical necessity for food. We can conceive of organized beings living without nourishment and deriving all the energy they need for the performance of their life functions from the ambient medium. In a crystal we have the clear evidence of the existence of a formative life principle, and though we cannot understand the life of a crystal, it is none the less a living being. There may be, besides crystals, other such individualized, material systems of beings, perhaps of gaseous constitution or composed of substance still more tenuous. In view of this possibility—nay, probability—we cannot apologetically deny the existence of organized beings on a planet merely because the conditions on the same are unsuitable for the existence of life as we conceive it. We cannot even with positive assurance assert that some of them might not be present here, in this our world, in the very midst of us, for their constitution and life manifestation may be such that we are unable to perceive them.—Nikola Tesla in Century Magazine.

Optician's Latin.
Hiram had returned home from college, where he had won high honors as a student of the ancient languages, but he "fell down" one day when his sister, a demure young girl in her teens, asked him to translate a sign she had seen in front of an optician's office which read thus:

CON ULTU SABO ULTU UREY ES.
Hiram struggled manfully with it for several minutes and gave it up.
"It isn't good Latin," he said. "There are some words in it that are Latin, but the others are either wrong in termination or are barbarisms from other languages, and, taken as a whole, it doesn't make sense."

"That is what I said," rejoined his sister, "but return, out in the kitchen, translates it without any trouble. She says it means, 'Consult us about your eyes.'"

Whereupon Hiram collapsed.—Youth's Companion.

Saved by Prebend of Mind.
At Sheffield, England, recently a curious accident occurred. A passenger was riding on a double deck electric car, and a single deck car passed in the opposite direction. The rope of the trolley boom of the latter was flying in the wind, and it wound itself around the passenger's neck. Fortunately he had the presence of mind to seize the rope with both hands and release himself before he would probably have been hauled from the car.

Not All.
Teacher (suspiciously)—Who wrote your composition, Johnny?
Johnny—My father.
What, all of it?
Not all. I helped him.—Truth.

A real scene of troops in action hardly exists. Pictures of them are taken at odd spots and out of odd angles, and troops being used for the purpose.

It is impossible to be soiled by any of the things that are so common.

Was in the Business.
It was on a Seventh street car that a well dressed man carried his hand to his jaw now and then and uttered a stifled groan. After a bit a fellow passenger had his curiosity aroused and bravely queried:
"Toothache?"
"Yes."
"I've been there and know all about it. If she's holler and has the jumps, I ain't no use fooling around. What you want to do is to go to a dentist."
"Um! Jerusha, but how it aches!"
"Go right to the dentist and have it yanked out. Man with the toothache always feels a little scared about having it yanked, but that's all imagination, you know."
"I'd rather be shot!" groaned the sufferer.
"Oh, pshaw! Go to some dentist who gives laughing gas. He'll give you gas and take the tooth out without your knowing it. I pledge you my word that it won't hurt any more than paring off a finger nail."
"Um! What a liar! G'way from me!"
"Why, man, I pledge you my word that you'll never—"
"Don't talk to me! I know all about it! I've been a dentist myself for the last 15 years!"
"Oh, you have!" growled the other as he backed away. "Well, that's different. It will not only seem to you as if your blamed old head was being pulled off your shoulders, but your jaw will ache two weeks after, and I'm damned glad of it too!"—Washington Post.

Sorrows of the Millionaire.
Look at the ways of the millionaire. Given his million, he gives up his house and builds himself a small, first class hotel in some big city, which for the greater part of the year is occupied by servants. He next erects a country palace at Lenox or at Newport. This he calls a cottage, though it usually looks more like a public library or a hospital or a clubhouse.
Then he builds himself a camp, with stained glass windows, in the Adirondacks and has to float a small railroad in order to get himself and his wife's trunks into camp. Shortly after these follows a bungalow modeled after a French chateau, somewhere in the south, and then a yacht warranted to cross the ocean in ten days and to produce sickness 12 hours sooner than the regular ocean steamer becomes one of the necessities of life.
Result, he never lives anywhere. To occupy all his residences, camps and bungalows he has to keep eternally on the move, and when he thinks he needs a trip to Europe he has his yacht got ready and sends it over, going himself on a fast steamer. Oh, it's a terrible thing to be a millionaire and have nowhere to lay one's head, with every poorer man envying him, many hating him and hands raised against him everywhere!—Woman's Home Companion.

Fiddled into Office.
If history be true, Governor Taylor of Tennessee is not the only man who fiddled himself into office. Loring relates that in 1848 he met at Oswego, N. Y., Major Cochran, then nearly 80 years old, a son-in-law of General Philip Schuyler, who told the story of his election to congress during the administration of the older Adams. A vessel was to be launched on one of the lakes in interior New York, and people came from afar to see it. The young folks gathered there, determined to have a dance at night. There was a fiddle, but no fiddler. Young Cochran was an amateur performer, and his services were demanded. He gratified the joyous company, and at the supper table one of the gentlemen remarked, in commendation of his talents, that he was "fit for congress." The matter was talked up, and he was nominated and elected a representative in congress for the district then comprising the whole of New York west of Schenectady. He always claimed to have "fiddled himself into congress." It seems that history repeats itself, according to the proverb.—Washington Star.

Preferred to Have Her Talk.
They were exchanging reminiscences of a pleasant evening.
"And what did your wife say when you got home?" asked one.
"Nothing," answered the other.
"Nothing? Well, you were in luck."
"Oh, I don't know. I'd rather dodge words than some other things."—New York Mail and Express.

Practical Application.
A certain minister during his discourse one Sabbath morning said, "In each blade of grass there is a sermon." The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawnmower about his yard and paused to say, "Well, parson, I'm glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermon short!"—Chicago News.

Possible Explanation of It.
"I wonder what's the matter with Willie Jenkins? He's been getting into all sorts of mischief of late, especially Thursday afternoon."
"Oh, that's easily explained. That's the afternoon Mrs. Jenkins goes to a 'brothers' meeting to discuss the proper method of child education and discipline."—Chicago Post.

To Follow His Own Advice.
"I had a horrible dream last night," said a middle-aged man who came down to breakfast the other morning.
"What was it?" asked his wife.
"I dreamed that I was in purgatory and was made to do all the things I had told my friends I would do if I were in their places."—Brooklyn Life.

For some reason the man who has no money to buy food is never seized with a desire to acquire fame by breaking all records for eating.—Chicago News.

A Distinction.
"Knockout tells me you won some money from him last night," said the man with the shrieking shirt.
"Nipe," said the man with the white herring tie. "I merely won a few bets from him."
"Oh!"—Indianapolis Press.

The private secretary of an important official is a good thing until he begins to think he is the important official.—New Orleans Picayune.

The stars on the United States college are six pointed, while the United States flag stars are five pointed.

SHIPPING NEWS

The Colombia experienced very rough weather off Cape Flattery. On reaching Kahului, a heavy sea was found, compelling the ship to anchor outside on Monday, where she lay till Wednesday morning, when she parted her anchor and had to put to sea. She was out two nights, with pilot Bob English on board, and came into Kahului at 9:30 a. m. Friday.

The departure of the Carroll on has been twice announced, and she twice failed to leave on scheduled time. On last Saturday, the swell was so heavy at Kahului that the Maui refused to tow her out, and she was compelled to wait till the return of the Maui on Thursday morning.

Last week when the Waialeale, with Prince David on board, was rounding Kahakuloa point, the weather was very rough, and the little steamer was delayed for several hours. Some graceless scamp started the rumor that the Waialeale was wrecked, and that Prince David had swum ashore, bringing nothing with him except the democratic platform and a copy of the Maui News. Prince David indignantly denied the rumor, on his arrival, and claimed that it was nothing but a republican canard.

SEATTLE, Oct. 23.—The sailing schooner Alice, Capt. Walter S. Milnor, reached port today from Nome, finishing a voyage replete with exciting incidents and thrilling adventure. The vessel was blown through Bering strait in the Arctic. The enforced sail through the narrow treacherous channel between Alaska and Siberia was made without damage to the vessel despite the fact that a dense fog, accompanied at times by heavy rains, hung over the region, making it repeatedly impossible to see a ship's length.

The native of Cape Prince of Wales told Captain Milnor that twelve small sailing vessels had been driven through the strait during the progress of the storm, and that to that date his was the only one seen returning.

Vessels in Port—Kahului
Am Sch Ottilie Fjord, Bosch, from Eureka, Lumber.
Am Sch S. T. Alexander, Ipsen, from San Francisco, gen. cargo.
Am Sch Columbia, Mattson from Tacoma, coal.

Arrived.
Nov. 3. Am Sch Ottilie Fjord, Peler Bosch, 22 days from Eureka, lumber.
Nov. 4. Am Sch S. T. Alexander, Ipsen, 19 days from S. F. gen. cargo.
Nov. 5. Am Sch Columbia, Mattson 25 days from Tacoma, coal.
Nov. 8. S S Maui, from Honolulu.
Nov. 10. S S Maui, from Hana.

Departures.
Nov. 8. Am bk Carrollton, Jones for Tacoma, in ballast.
Nov. 11. S S Maui, for Honolulu.

Expected.
Am Sch Mary Dodge, from Tacoma.
Am brig Lurline, from S. F.
Am bk A J Fuller, from Tacoma.

Honolulu Postoffice Time Table.
DATE NAME FROM
Nov. 2 City of Peking S. F.
" 3 China Yokohama
" 6 Sierra San Francisco
" 9 Mariposa Colonies
" 10 Gaelic San Francisco
" 13 Doric Yokohama
" 17 Australia San Francisco
" 20 Hongkong Maru S. F.
" 20 Nippon Maru Yokohama
" 21 Warrimoo Colonies
" 24 Acragi Victoria, B. C.
" 27 China San Francisco
" 27 Sonoma San Francisco
" 30 Rio de Janeiro Yokohama

FOR
Nov. 2 City of Peking Yokohama
" 3 China San Francisco
" 6 Sierra Colonies
" 9 Mariposa San Francisco
" 10 Gaelic Yokohama
" 13 Doric San Francisco
" 20 Nippon Maru S. F.
" 21 Australia San Francisco
" 21 Warrimoo Victoria, B. C.
" 24 Acragi Colonies
" 27 China Yokohama
" 27 Sonoma Colonies
" 30 Rio de Janeiro S. F.

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